Theodore Gilmore Bilbo

LATE A SENATOR FROM
MISSISSIPPI

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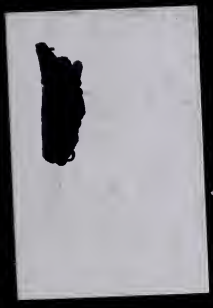

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U. S. Congress

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Theodore Gilmore Bilbo

LATE A SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI

Eighteth Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
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Biography

THEODORE GILMORE BILBO was born on a farm near Poplarville, Pearl River County, Miss., October 13, 1877; attended the public schools, Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn., the law department of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., and the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor; teacher in district and high schools of Mississippi for five years; was admitted to the bar in 1908 and commenced practice in Poplarville, Miss.; member of the State senate 1908–12; served as Lieutenant Governor 1912–16 and as Governor 1916–20 and 1928–32; elected as a Democrat to the United States Senate in 1934, 1940, and again in 1946, but did not take the oath of office at the beginning of the Eightieth Congress, and served from January 3, 1935, until his death August 21, 1947, in a hospital at New Orleans, La., where he had gone for treatment; interment in Juniper Grove Cemetery, near Poplarville, Miss.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *March 15, 1948.*

Mr. LECOMPTE. Mr. Speaker, by direction of the Committee on Accounts, I call up a privileged resolution (H. Res. 502) and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That on Monday, the 17th day of May 1948, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on House Administration under the provisions of clause (1) (j) (2) (C) of rule XI of the Rules of the House of Representatives. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for 60 legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Speaker shall call the House to order and then as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Eightieth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Navy Orchestra

Presiding officer----------The Speaker, Hon. Joseph W. Martin, Jr.

Invocation----------The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Solo: Lead, Kindly Light (Dykes)----------Hon. J. Percy Priest
Representative from the State of Tennessee
At the piano------Musician John Wigent

Scripture reading and prayer----------The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address----------Hon. Everett Dirksen
Representative from the State of Illinois

Solo: Going Down the Valley (Fillmore)-------Hon. Harve Tibbott
Representative from the State of Pennsylvania
At the piano------Musician John Wigent

Address----------Hon. Ray J. Madden
Representative from the State of Indiana

Taps----------Musician Frank Scimonelli

Benediction----------The Chaplain

Theodore Gilmore Bilbo

Memorial Services

MONDAY, *May 17, 1948.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Martin) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery:

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hast formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us. Amen.

Mr. BISHOP. Mr. Speaker, we have again been saddened since the printing of the program for the memorial exercises today by the passing of our distinguished colleague in the other Chamber, the Honorable JOHN OVERTON, of Louisiana. As you know, the flags are still at half-mast in his memory.

In deference to the wishes of the members of his family, the paying of tribute to him is being deferred until this occasion a year hence, when it is hoped they can be with us.

Hon. J. PERCY PRIEST, accompanied by Musician John Wigent, sang Lead, Kindly Light.

The Chaplain:

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Eternal God, our Father, Thou who art ever present to guide and to comfort, increase the faith and hopes which we feel in the temples of our souls. By these tokens grant that at the last we may merit the "Well done, good and faithful servant." We thank Thee for the voice that comes across the centuries to the hearts of all in sorrow: "Be of good cheer." Be Thou the bread of life for our hunger and the water of life for our thirst. Thy servants whom we remember today rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are at peace. Vouchsafe unto us the peace and rest which flow from Thy holy presence. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Father which are in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Mr. BISHOP. Mr. Speaker, at this time I should like to read a fitting memorial entitled "The Other Unknown Soldier" by Stanley Kimmel.

THE OTHER UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(By Stanley Kimmel)

Move over, Buddy—
Yeah, it's me, the other unknown soldier.
You didn't think I'd get here, did you?
But I made it.
Yeah, it took a long time,
But I made it.
Say, Buddy, how is it out here,
Out here in Arlington?
Yeah, I been here before,
But not like this.
I was a kid,
My folks brought me to see you.
It was summer,
June, I think;
There was trees and flowers,
And a clear sky—
Just like today, Buddy.
We'd come to Washington,
From a small town out West,
To see the sights;
My folks never travel'd much,
Too poor—
Guess it was the only trip
They ever took.
But me! I'm like you, Buddy,
I been places! Seen things!
I was at Kasserine Pass, Sicily, Anzio, Cassino,

Then Normandy beach head, the Battle of the Hedgerows, and St. Lo,
Yeah, and the Battle of the Bulge, and the Ardennes.
I was at Owen Stanley Mountains, too,
Then Buna, Attu, the Solomons, and Saipan,
Yeah, and Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Leyte, Luzon—
Sure—I'll skip it—
Didn't mean to disturb you,
Talkin' like this.

* * * * *

Listen! Them's footsteps, ain't they?
Some other folks bringin' their kid to see us.
Hope we never have to make room for him.
Sure—I'll skip it—
Didn't mean to disturb you—
Ain't crowdin' you, am I, Buddy?

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

THEODORE GILMORE BILBO, a Senator from the State of Mississippi: Born October 13, 1877; teacher; farmer; lawyer; attended Peabody College at Nashville, Tenn., Vanderbilt University, and the University of Michigan; member of the State senate, 1908–12; Lieutenant Governor, 1912–16; Governor, 1916–20 and 1928–32; elected to the United States Senate in 1934, 1940, and 1946; died August 21, 1947.

FRED BRADLEY, Eleventh Congressional District of Michigan: Born April 12, 1898; lawyer, businessman, legislator; elected to the Sixty-sixth and four succeeding Congresses; died May 24, 1947.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON MANSFIELD, Ninth Congressional District of Texas: Born February 9, 1861; farmer, lawyer, editor; organized and served as second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and captain in the National Guard of Texas, 1886; prosecuting attorney, mayor, Eagle Lake, Tex., 1888–89; prosecuting attorney, Colorado County, 1892–96; ex officio county superintendent of schools, 1896–1900; judge, Colorado County, 1896–1916; elected to the Sixty-fifth and 15 succeeding Congresses; died July 12, 1947.

CHARLES L. GIFFORD, Ninth Congressional District of Massachusetts: Born March 15, 1871; teacher, realtor, agriculturalist; member State house of representatives, 1912–13; State senator, 1914–19; elected to the Seventieth and 10 succeeding Congresses; died August 23, 1947.

RAYMOND SMILEY SPRINGER, Tenth Congressional District of Indiana: Born April 26, 1882; lawyer, judge; attended Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., and Butler University; graduated from the Indiana Law School in 1904; attorney Fayette County, 1908–14; judge of the thirty-seventh judicial circuit of Indiana, 1916–22; captain of infantry in First World War, 1918; lieutenant colonel, Officers Reserve Corps; elected to the Seventy-sixth and four succeeding Congresses; died August 28, 1947.

PATRICK HENRY DREWRY, Fourth Congressional District of Virginia: Born May 24, 1875; lawyer, banker; attended McCabe's University School, Randolph-Macon College, and the University of Virginia; member of the State senate, 1912–20; delegate to the Democratic State conventions, 1912, 1916, 1920, and 1924; delegate to the Democratic National Convention, 1916; chairman of the Economy and Efficiency Commission of Virginia, 1916–18; chairman of the State advisory board, 1919; member of the Democratic National Congressional Committee, 1923–47, and chairman, 1935–47; ranking member, Committee on Naval Affairs and ranking minority member, Committee on Armed Services; elected to the Sixty-sixth and 14 succeeding Congresses; died December 21, 1947.

JOHN MARSHALL ROBSION, Ninth Congressional District of Kentucky: Born January 2, 1875; teacher, lawyer, banker; attended National Northern University, Ada, Ohio, and Holbrook College, Knoxville, Tenn.; graduated from the National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio, and Centre College, Danville, Ky.; delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, 1916; elected to the Sixty-sixth and five succeeding Congresses; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment, from January 9, 1930, to November 30, 1930; again elected to the Seventy-fourth and six succeeding Congresses; died February 17, 1948.

ORVILLE ZIMMERMAN, Tenth Congressional District of Missouri: Born December 31, 1880; lawyer; attended Mayfield-Smith Academy at Marble Hill; graduated from State College at Cape Girardeau, 1904, and from the University of Missouri, 1911; served in the United States Army as a private during the First World War; member board of regents, State College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., since 1933; elected to the Seventy-fourth and five succeeding Congresses; died April 7, 1948.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, and aided by Edward H. Funston III, a page of the House of Representa-

tives, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

There followed a period of devotional silence, during which the Members stood.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Dirksen].

ADDRESS OF HON. EVERETT M. DIRKSEN

Mr. DIRKSEN. Mr. Speaker, this is very peculiarly our own day. It is our day for personal communion with those who but a short while before were with us in the confraternity of public service.

This is the day on which we pay gracious testimony and loving tribute to those who are now gathered in the democracy of death and who were with us a short while ago. If they could come into the doors of the Chamber this day with what warmth and affection we would greet them.

There would be Senator BILBO and FRED BRADLEY, Judge MANSFIELD and CHARLIE GIFFORD, RAY SPRINGER and PAT DREWRY, Uncle JOHN ROBSION and ORV ZIMMERMAN, whom we more affectionately called ZIM. Somehow there is a strange selectivity in the democracy of transition for no two of those who have departed from us come from the same State. If I were to characterize each by a single word I would say of Senator BILBO that he was a man of deep and abiding conviction; of JOHN OVERTON I would say that in his great heart was a rich and complete devotion; of FRED BRADLEY I would say there was determination and moral robustness; of Judge MANSFIELD I would say that there was about him a spiritual grace which radiated like a strange and lifting aura in all the years that I knew him; of CHARLIE GIFFORD I would say that in his capacious heart was a love so great that it matched the waves of the Atlantic which beat upon the shores of his native Cape Cod. In the heart and in the manner of RAY SPRINGER was meekness and humility that shone as an iridescent light.

PAT DREWRY was a living exemplification of Browning's fascinating lines devoted to sweetness and light. Of ORV ZIMMERMAN it could be said that in his heart was an exuberant hope for this country and his fellow men which was lustrous like June sunshine. Of Uncle JOHN ROBSION, I could always detect a fundamental faith as rugged and redoubtable as the hills of his native Kentucky.

And so in this intensely personal communion today we shall live with them intimately again and take thought and inspiration from their divine personalities that will continue to linger long in this Chamber.

While the spirit of remembrance and the mood of memory is upon us, I think today of a very simple and entrancing story in the Scripture. It is the story of an obscure and nameless woman who brought an alabaster box of precious ointment with which to anoint the Master. To me it is so simple, so compelling, and so appropriate for this occasion.

I am sure you will remember that the Man of Galilee was going to go to the home of Simon the leper in the village of Bethany for a visit and for a meal. How strange that seems to us. Who among us would think of going to the house of a leper to dine and to visit? But Jesus did so and, as I said, Simon the leper lived in Bethany.

It was my privilege to visit the village of Bethany in 1945. What a memorable and historic place it really is. You will recall that Lazarus lived there together with his sisters Mary and Martha. It was on the roadway which leads from Bethany that Martha encountered the Master and from a heavy heart and a disconcert of spirit complained of the fact that Mary had not made the household ready for the coming of the Galilean. And after He had listened patiently to her He said so humbly, "But one thing is needful." And that, of course, was the need of the spirit. It was in this selfsame village then of Bethany where Simon lived, and while he and the Master were at meat, as the Scripture records, there came this unbidden guest. It was a woman. The only char-

acterization we have of her is that she was a sinner. We know little else about her.

Was she tall and stately or was she, perhaps, short statured and robust? We do not know, for the Gospels are silent on this. Did she wear fashionable raiment or was she dressed in ordinary clothing? This we do not know. Did she have dark, lustrous hair and black snapping eyes? Or did she have golden hair which caught the sunshine of the desert? Did she have blue sparkling eyes like those colorful little flowers that grow in profusion on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho? Was her voice harsh or was it soft and melodious? All this we do not know. The records says she was a sinner.

And how simply she came to where the Master was visiting with the leper. There were no press conferences, no press releases, no society column, no eloquent speeches. The record simply says that she came.

How simple it all is. It is so much like the approach in the story of the Good Samaritan who found a man wounded and groaning by the roadside and when the Good Samaritan heard his cry of distress the Scripture says, "He came where he was." It was so simple and so forthright. The coming of the nameless woman to the Master was equally simple.

She brought with her an alabaster box of precious ointment. She stood behind the Man of Galilee, who was doubtless sitting or kneeling at His repast. It was the posture of humility. She washed His feet with her tears. She dried them with her tresses and then from the alabaster box she took the precious ointment of spikenard and anointed Him. I presume we would call it perfume.

There was no conversation. There was no record. There were no remarks to be examined. We have only the record of this simple and humble ministration.

The disciples were there. The Book says they were indignant. I can well imagine that scene. I can particularly imagine Peter, who must have been there, frowning. He was such a sturdy and forthright soul and so practical. The

anointing of the Master with precious perfume offended the practical sense of the disciples. Quickly they translated it into an equation of their own. This ointment might well bring 300 pence and the money could be used for alms and for charity.

That argument has such a familiar ring today. How often have Members of this body been chided, especially during wartime, for going abroad to inspect the progresses of our arms and to observe conditions the better to discharge their responsibilities. How often we were confronted with the argument that the gasoline and the expenses involved might have been put to better and more useful purpose. It was the very kind of an argument that the disciples used long ago as they saw the ministrations of this humble woman.

The Master must have listened earnestly to the argument and to the conversation and then, with simplicity and logic which is like majesty itself, He suddenly said, "Why trouble ye this woman. She hath wrought a good work upon me."

How simple, how compelling, how persuasive that was. He simply said, "She hath wrought a good work upon me." A little later He then said the things that have such rich appeal on this memorial occasion. Very simply did He say that what she had done would be told as a memorial unto her wherever the gospel might be preached.

How simple and compelling is this story because it is the unadorned story of a kindly deed, a very humble service; and there is the promise that it would be a memorial and would reecho down the corridors of time until the end of earth as a memorial to an obscure unnamed woman.

As I think of our departed colleagues today who are gathered in the endless land of dreamless sleep, they, too, brought to their task here an alabaster box of precious ointment consisting of their talent, their love, their affection and devotion, and their abiding desire to serve their people, their colleagues, and their country.

They brought with them the perfume of humble service and these are the services that will live to adorn and to enshrine their memories.

The speeches which we make so quickly, die upon the vesper breeze. The votes on which we and they are recorded will soon be forgotten. It is the human, the humane and kindly little services which are unherald, unsung, and unacclaimed which will be so long remembered on the tablets of the mind and the heart.

There is an amazing immortality about a kindly service, a good deed, a humble ministration. In all parts of the land there will be people who will long remember them for these little things which may seem unimportant to us in the hurly-burly of a controversial atmosphere.

How many veterans they must have helped not only in the recent conflict but in World War I in securing expeditious hospitalization. For this there are no headlines. How many refugees in the old countries and the kinfolks of those refugees in this country they must have helped in securing visas that they might be lifted from the tyrannies of the Old World. For this there is no acclaim. How many aged and indigent persons back home they must have helped and to whom they provided comfort in endeavoring to secure more adequate pensions and assistance. The song of unuttered joy for this will be written on gracious human hearts. How many snarls they must have untangled where folks back home were having difficulty with railroad retirement pensions and social-security benefits. How many fathers and mothers they must have helped in finding the last resting place of some son enshrined in glory on some far-off battlefield. How many fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts they must have aided in locating kin somewhere abroad in this huge world. How many businessmen they must have helped in finding their way through the labyrinth of a bewildering government. All these and a thousand more are the humble services which marked each day of their service in this body.

And because these were the human and humane things they appeal to the heart and will be long remembered. The letters which they have written over the years by the hundreds to bring comfort and reassurance to humble people back home will be passed from hand to hand long after they have departed. These will bring strange luster to the countenance of people as they show these letters and say, "I got a letter from my Congressman." Yes, these are the things that will live long and be enshrined upon the pulsing tablets of love and memory.

Let us go back for a moment to what the Master said to the disciples when they showed their indignation of the ministrations of this unnamed woman sinner. He said simply, "She hath wrought a good work upon Me." It was objective. It was somebody to somebody. It is the important thing in this compelling story. It is the mark of real service.

Their services were so intensely objective because they were rendered to people, to us, to country, to humble folks who looked upon them as their liaison agents with the Government.

As I think of this quality of objectivity a number of favorite examples come to mind.

One of my favorite characters, who was rather contemporary because he passed on only 30 years ago, was Maj. Gen. William Crawford Gorgas of the United States Army. He was one of that little group who, back in the days when the construction of the Panama Canal was in progress, was persuaded that the Canal could not be built unless yellow fever and malaria were first conquered. So insistent was he in his viewpoint that it offended the construction superintendent on the Canal and he insisted on the dismissal of Gorgas. The letter of dismissal was already on the desk of the President of the United States but wiser counsels prevailed and it was never consummated. William Crawford Gorgas continued to serve until the malarial-bearing mosquito and yellow fever had been conquered. How little we hear about it. How little

acclaim he really received, and yet it was this humble service which had so much to do with the completion of a Federal project for the linking of two great oceans.

The services of General Gorgas did not stop here. He served the people of Peru and other South American countries in conquering plagues and increasing longevity. Even as age was coming upon him he went to The Rand in far-off Africa to subdue the influenza germ. It is no wonder that when he died in London in 1919 a vast concourse of people lined the streets on the occasion of the memorial parade in his honor and when the riderless white horse went by they bowed in reverence and respect to the memory of a truly noble man whose nobility consisted of humble service for the welfare of all mankind.

Some years ago I saw a six-line squib in one of the Washington newspapers announcing the death of Dr. Joseph Goldberger. Perhaps it meant little to many people, but it meant a great deal to me, because I had followed the career of this seemingly obscure man, who was a member of the staff of the United States Public Health Service. It was he who was assigned to explore and find the remedy for that dreaded disease known as pellagra, which had invaded the Southland and not only had taken a great toll of life but enervated and devitalized thousands of people so that they could not carry on their normal pursuits. It was to this problem that Dr. Joseph Goldberger addressed himself. The record of his service is thrilling and dramatic even though it appears so commonplace. He visited hospitals and asylums, orphanages and prison schools, and groups in his relentless pursuit of this awful disease. He imperiled his own life freely and willingly in order to find the cause.

The record shows him in a pullman car at Spartanburg, S. C., consuming capsules made from the offal of persons in the last stages of pellagra. He made capsules of the scales which came from their gaunt and haggard bodies to test the effect upon himself. At long last he found the cause. It was

a vitamin deficiency, and from this a remedy was soon prescribed. There were no headlines for Joseph Goldberger, no gilded books were written about him. There were no demonstrations to acclaim him. His was the humble service of the commonplace, but gratitude for that service will ring down the vistas of time and come as a song of joy from the hearts of the afflicted. He received but six lines in the current press when the soul took flight.

I think also of the humble service rendered by a New Hampshire soldier during the Civil War whose name is unknown to me. Evidently he must have enjoyed a furlough and when he returned to the hills of his native New Hampshire he had time to fashion his own tombstone, possibly because of a premonition of death. On one side of that stone were carved the essential vital statistics and on the other side this self-written epitaph, "This side of my tombstone I dedicate to freedom and union. May they survive and endure forever." Here was a man rendering humble service to this country in an hour of crisis and it will be remembered into the eternity.

Yes; there was objectivity about their service here and it so well illustrates that simple but compelling sentiment which the Master uttered when He said, "She hath wrought a good work upon Me."

They have wrought a good work upon us, upon their kinsmen and their constituency, upon their country and the world. They have wrought a good work and it will be remembered.

The intimate and personal character of this memorial service today is possible because it is the remembrance of the living to those who are now gone. It would fail in its purpose if it did not quicken our spirits. It must enrich us and do something for our own perspective, our behavior, and our viewpoint. What then shall we draw from it all as we stand on the very shadow of their lingering spirits and enjoy the communion of memorial fellowship with them?

Is it not possible that we too—all of us—have come here with our alabaster box of precious ointment consisting of

the talents with which we have been endowed, the love which we bear for our fellowmen, the interest which we have in world welfare and the devotion which we entertain for this our blessed country to be used for the enhancement and progress of our country and the restoration of peace of mind and tranquillity of soul to a restive and tumultuous world?

This perfume of talent we can use if we will to soften the asperities and the severities of life, to modify the hates with which we are often confronted and to so soften our own conduct that it will be as a great spiritual wave and moral force for the Nation and for the world. As we use it lavishly and diligently we cannot help but spill the precious and fragrant perfume of our own talents upon our colleagues and upon everyone with whom we come in contact.

Suppose that for a single month we made a diligent effort to make certain that in our disagreement we would never be captious; that in our differences on principle we would never show petulance; that in resolutely following our own abiding convictions on matters of fundamental policy they would never be tainted by acrimony. Suppose we made a diligent effort to exemplify the humility and meekness and forbearance which marked their service, what a great moral force it would become in softening the dissidences of life and clarifying fundamental viewpoints. All this would redound so richly to the welfare of the world and of our own country.

When all is said and done, my friends, the problems, the questions, and the challenges with which we are confronted from day to day and year to year can scarcely be met by the lawbook and the statute book. So little of what we might formally inscribe upon the legislative parchments will actually meet the challenges of this turbulent era because the problems come from the spirit and the crisis is essentially moral.

You will agree that on so many hands one finds defeatism, but can we reduce anything to the common denominator of

words and language that will meet it. How shall we best solve the group antagonisms which are, after all, a matter of heart and soul? How shall we best meet the moral fatigue which one finds in many places and which is the pardonable and inevitable result of a conflict which tugged at the whole human fabric of the world? How shall we meet the frustrations which are also one of the bitter inheritances of conflict? The prophet Haggai in the Old Testament summed it up in a single phrase when he wrote on the parchments of the Scripture long ago, "Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little." It is the best definition of the frustrated spirit I have ever encountered in the literature of mankind.

But frustration and defeatism and moral fatigue and social cleavages and group antagonisms must all be met if we are to achieve that unity of purpose and action so indispensable to the progress of our country and of the world.

I humbly doubt that the answer—the real answer—can be found in legislative words. We must reach into the citadel of the spirit and find the solutions and we have access to the citadel only in proportion as the heart and the soul find solid moral ground. In proportion as we can bring this approach to our problems we shall again find sweetness and serenity in our national life which will carry us to levels never attained before in any time or generation. This we can find in our sweet and personal communion with their happy memories today. Let me add one more thing to this simple testimony of remembrance. In the Old Testament is the story of Ezekiel released from captivity who was commanded by the Lord to look upon the Valley of Dried Bones. From an anxious heart he asked the Lord whether they could live again. He was bidden to command, and soon with a great clattering roar these bones assembled into skeletons. He asked whether they could be clothed with flesh and was bidden to command and, lo, they were clothed with flesh. He asked whether they could live again and was told to command the four winds to breathe into this great lifeless host

the very breath of life, and, behold, it stood there as a living army.

One of the old versions, as I remember, then carries this simple admonition from the Lord. To Ezekiel He said that those in the Valley of Dried Bones were like an ancient people and that they were lost and dead and without hope. Then he said He would make them a people once more.

He did not say that He would make them two people or a divided people or a cloven people or a turbulent people. He said He would make them a people united in spirit and in effort.

As I survey the contemporary scene, is there anything so important as a restoration of common purpose, of domestic tranquillity, and of happy labor in the cause of an ideal which we call the American dream?

And so, my friends, in this blessed communion with our own let me say in the language of Peter, let us strive for this great goal for which mankind yearns "until we find the day star rising in our hearts." That is the day star of hope and promise for a new glory and a new greatness for ourselves and for the whole world. And so in sweet remembrance we lay upon their divine lingering personalities the memorial laurel of the living to the dead.

Hon. HARVE TIBBOTT, accompanied by Musician John Wigent, sang Going Down the Valley.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Madden].

Hon. RAY J. MADDEN, a Representative from the State of Indiana, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. RAY J. MADDEN

Mr. MADDEN. Mr. Speaker, during the last year divine providence visited the Congress and called seven of our Members to the final home. Today we raise our thoughts in reverent memory to those who were selected and answered the

call of their Maker. They have given the last full measure of their devotion that we may continue to enjoy the blessings of liberty and peace. They served their country in this Chamber and they have carried on the good fight for justice under law in our beloved land.

It is natural that in such an hour as this when we commemorate our departed fellow Members, that we look upon the work which they were doing when interrupted by the angel of death. The result of their labors is a precious heritage handed on to us. The work of making a nation's laws is a supremely heavy responsibility that taxes human resources and strength to the fullest. Our absent colleagues understood this well. Were it not so, some of them would still be with us today. The arduous and devastating burdens of congressional war work cost an unprecedented toll of our Members during this most critical period in our Nation's history. These Members were war casualties the same as were the boys in uniform who fell on the battlefield, in the air, and on the seas. But they were willing to make the sacrifice of their time and strength because they understood the sacred import of their legislative work.

To forge the legislation of a people is in a sense a participation in the divine plan of the Almighty, who rules both men and nations. Just laws are fashioned by men, duly elected by their people, but those laws have their source and power in God and we legislators are but His instruments. Great then must be our sense of duty to the Omnipotent Lawgiver and close must be our cooperation with Him in making laws that are in perfect agreement with the norm of right reason and of moral equity and justice. Today we feel confident that the Supreme Legislator has written a blessed finis to the work of those whom we honor at these exercises. During their years of service in this House they cooperated well with Him in legislating for the best interests of His children, the citizens of this Republic.

There is no test of a man's ability in any department of public life more severe than service in the National House of Representatives; there is no place where so little deference is paid to reputation previously acquired, or to eminence won outside; no place where so little consideration is shown for the feelings or the failures of beginners. What a man gains in this Chamber he gains by sheer force of his own character, and if he loses and falls back he must expect no mercy, and will receive no sympathy. It is a field in which the survival of the strongest is the recognized rule, and where no pretense can deceive and no glamour can mislead. Here the real man is discovered, his worth is impartially weighed, his rank is irreversibly decreed. On this day of retrospect and reflection, we can say that our absent brothers stood this test with grandeur. They survived criticism and nobly carried the rewards of success and praise. They took to heart the eternal truths of liberty, obeyed them as the commands of Providence, and accepted the human race as the judge of their fidelity.

Ordinarily we think of Benjamin Franklin as basking in the constant admiration of his countrymen. The fact is that he withstood enough vituperation to reduce many a modern legislator to quivering panic. It was charged that he not only approved the Stamp Act, but framed it; there was talk of setting fire to his house. He saw his oldest friends turn against him; he was scorned in England and distrusted at home—until, just as suddenly he was acclaimed a hero. In 1772 Franklin wrote a letter to his old friend Joseph Galloway, with whom he had shared a resounding political defeat a few years before.

The letter read:

We must not in the course of public life expect immediate approbation and immediate grateful acknowledgement of our services. But let us persevere through abuse and even injury. The internal satisfaction of a good conscience is always present, and time will do us justice in the minds of the people, even of those at present the most prejudiced against us.

Just as the soldier in the line of fire draws inspiration and courage from the love of country burning fiercely in the breasts of his fallen comrades, so do we feel a firmer conviction to carry on without fear or favor as we ponder on the patriotic devotion of those whose memories we revere here today. They indeed have taught us the lesson of true patriotism. Because of their example, we see in love of country a great virtue which is annexed to justice itself. Patriotism is a sincere love and reverence for our country based on a real sense of justice; it is the return of a debt for all that our country has done for us; for all that we have received from it—our citizenship, our freedom, our education, our opportunities, both spiritual and temporal. For all this we owe more than a deep and heartfelt gratitude; we owe our country our love, reverence, obedience, our loyalty, and, if necessary, our life itself. This is the meaning of true patriotism. This is the sacred significance of our flag which today waves silently over the graves of our departed colleagues of this honorable assembly.

There is another and even more profound significance in our meeting here today on this solemn occasion. We lay aside for a time the manifold tasks and labors which go into the making of our Nation's laws. There is a pause in the daily debate and in the interchange of views which at times express different and contrary opinions and convictions. We temporarily halt appropriation of the sums that we deem necessary to produce the greatest possible benefit for our people and for the peoples of other countries who stand in dire need and danger of losing both life and liberty.

In many parts of the world the freedom of the individual has been set back by centuries. There the idea survives that the individual is the creature of the state—that he exists for the state—that he has no rights except what the state gives him and can take away. America has been a living revolt against that pagan idea ever since freedom's greatest document was written and guaranteed that "All men are endowed

by their Creator with certain unalienable rights and that among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Today we join together in reconsecrating our lives and our abilities to that noble work for which Congress has been dedicated by the founding fathers since the beginning of this Republic. They were men of faith, men who felt a deep sense of responsibility to the God of nations and of peoples. They were men whose relations toward God were not unlike those of children toward their father—love tempered with awe, and obedience joined with a healthy fear of merited punishment. Convictions such as these have been expressed in this Chamber countless times since the infancy of our country. The pages of the Congressional Record are replete with sane and sober reflections on the absolute necessity of unswerving loyalty to the divine law which guides all men in general and legislators in particular. Under this moral law our Nation has grown great and has prospered. Today we rededicate ourselves to those same sacred convictions, to that same eternal moral law. We do so, well aware that without this faith in God and in His unchangeable moral law, all our efforts here are vain and purposeless.

Without this faith upon what would we hope?

Without this faith our very presence here at this solemn memorial service would be meaningless.

Without this faith why should we labor and sacrifice for others?

Without this faith the brotherhood of man would be reduced to a soft and sentimental altruism.

Without this faith we might logically revert to the level of the unthinking brute creation and let selfishness and fear and blood and rapine be our only law.

Without this faith we would let force and suspicion and hate determine our relations with our fellow men.

Such is the inevitable effect of a philosophy of life without faith in God. Such godlessness would indeed have been

anathema to our founding fathers and to the men who since 1789 have sat in the House of Representatives.

In a short time we shall again take up the work of yesterday. Let not the new resolve which this memorial hour affords pass away. They who have left us during the past year have already received their reward from the hands of a just and merciful Judge, before whom each of us will one day stand. We know that He has dealt with them in accord with His great mercy. "Blessed are ye who do the will of My Father." Blessed—happy shall you be. A heaped-up happiness of unending duration. That is the true immortality. That is the true end of man. Every other kind of immortality is but a mockery.

Monuments will decay, buildings will disappear, portraits fade, and words written and spoken are soon forgotten or lost in dusty tomes. But the deeds of men do live after them—not for a few passing years but for all eternity because they are written imperishably in the Book of Life held in the hands of the Angel of God. True immortality of men is unending life with their Creator. May the immortal souls of our fellow Congressmen whom we memorialize today, enjoy forever the reward of blissful rest and peace.

Musician Frank Scimonelli sounded taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling and represent you faultless before the presence of His glory with great joy, unto the only wise God, our Saviour, the glory and majesty both now and forever. Amen.

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to the provisions of House Resolution 502, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Members, the Chair declares the House adjourned until tomorrow at 11 o'clock a. m.

Thereupon (at 1 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.) the House, pursuant to its previous order, adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, May 18, 1948, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Memorial Exercises
in the
United States Senate

Memorial Exercises in the Senate

WEDNESDAY, *April 21, 1948.*

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the terms of Senate Resolution 212, the hour has arrived for holding memorial services for deceased Senators.

Rev. Bernard Braskamp, D. D., pastor, Gunton-Temple Memorial Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., offered the following invocation:

Almighty God, with a humble spirit and a contrite heart we call upon Thy great and holy name. In the life of each of us there are times when all our feelings seem to impose silence.

Grant that in this hour of sacred memory we may enter into a blessed communion with Thy Spirit, and the spirit of all upon whom Thou has bestowed the glorious benediction, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord."

Hear us for the sake of the Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

Solo, There Is No Death—O'Hara—by Robert C. Nicholson, baritone, Wesley Methodist Church, Washington, D. C., accompanied on the piano by William Watkins, organist, New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.

THERE IS NO DEATH

I tell you they have not died,
  They live and breathe with you,
They walk now here at your side,
  They tell you things are true,
Why dream of poppied sod
  When you can feel their breath,
When flower and soul and God
  Know there is no death?

I tell you they have not died,
  Their hands clasp yours and mine,
They are but glorified,
  They have become divine.
They live, they know, they see!
  They shout with every breath:
"All is eternal life;
  "There is no death."

Dr. BRASKAMP. The Scripture readings are taken from the Old and New Testaments.

Psalm 85: "I will hear what God the Lord will say, for He will speak peace unto His people and to His saints."

Psalm 90: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Then from the New Testament these gracious words which were spoken by our blessed Lord:

John 14: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

"In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

In St. Paul's great chapter on the resurrection, the fifteenth of First Corinthians, we find these words:

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

PRAYER BY DR. BRASKAMP

Most merciful and gracious God, the God of our fathers and of their succeeding generations, through Thy holy word Thou has spoken and in our hearts Thy voice is heard.

Thou art the author and disposer of human life, from whom our spirits have come and unto whom they return.

We thank Thee for Thy servants who walked and worked with us for a little while upon this earth and who now are with Thee in heavenly blessedness, having received, as the reward of their faith and their fidelity, the salvation of their souls.

We rejoice that whatever was noble and beautiful in their life, in Thy sight and in our sight, abides forever. We bless Thee for the glorious testimony that they sought to serve their generation according to Thy holy will and were numbered among those who do justly, who love mercy, and who walk humbly with the Lord. We have not said "farewell" but only "good night," hoping on some blessed morn to meet and dwell with them in hallowed union in that land whose language is music and where joys are unceasing.

Grant unto the sorrowing and the lonely the consolation of Thy grace. May they yield themselves without murmur or complaint to the dispensations of Thy providence for Thou dost give and Thou dost take away, and blessed is Thy name forevermore. Help them to lay hold of the peace and the eternal companionship of the Christ.

We pray that Thou wilt continue to bless our Nation, our President, and all who hold positions of leadership and responsibility in the affairs of government. May we be a Nation whose God is the Lord. We are not asking Thee

to deal with us in any preferential manner. We are not praying that Thou wilt make our beloved country a comfortable lotus land. May we be loyal partners with all who are laboring to build the kingdom of justice and righteousness, the social orde rin which there shall be peace and good will among men. Enable us to carry on in faith, in faithfulness, and in the fear of the Lord as we daily meet the problems and tasks which challenge the consecration of our noblest manhood.

To Thy name we ascribe all the praise. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED SENATORS

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chief Clerk will call the roll of the Members of the Senate who have passed to the Great Beyond.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

JAMES GRAVES SCRUGHAM, a Senator from the State of Nevada, born January 19, 1880; graduated from the University of Kentucky receiving bachelor and master degrees in engineering; Governor of Nevada, 1923–27; editor and publisher of the Nevada State Journal, 1927–32; served as State engineer, 1919–23; United States Army 1917–18; one of the incorporators of the American Legion, 1919; commander of the Nevada Department, American Legion, 1919; and national vice commander 1920–21; elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; elected United States Senator November 3, 1942, to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Key Pittman ending January 3, 1947; died June 23, 1945.

HIRAM WARREN JOHNSON, a Senator from the State of California, born September 2, 1866; educated in the public schools of Sacramento and University of California; by profession, lawyer; elected Governor of California in 1910; reelected Governor in 1914; elected United States Senator in 1916, 1922, 1928, 1934, and 1940; died August 6, 1945.

JOHN THOMAS, a Senator from the State of Idaho; born January 4, 1874; engaged in livestock business; served as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Idaho for 4 years; was member of the Republican National Committee two terms; was appointed to the Senate June 30, 1928, and elected November 6,

1928, to succeed Senator Frank R. Gooding, deceased, for the term ending March 3, 1933; again appointed to the Senate January 27, 1940, to succeed Senator William E. Borah, deceased, to serve until the next general election, when he was elected to fill balance of Senator Borah's unexpired term ending January 3, 1943; reelected November 3, 1942, for the term ending January 3, 1949; died November 10, 1945.

CARTER GLASS, a Senator from the State of Virginia; born, January 4, 1858; printer; reporter; editor; publisher; student of private and public schools; member, board of visitors, University of Virginia, 1898–1906; member, State senate, 1899–1903; delegate, State constitutional convention, 1901; Member, House of Representatives, Fifty-seventh to Sixty-fifth Congresses; Secretary of the Treasury in President Wilson's Cabinet; declined reappointment by President Franklin D. Roosevelt; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election from February 2, 1920; died May 28, 1946.

JOHN HOLLIS BANKHEAD 2d, a Senator from the State of Alabama; born, July 8, 1872; lawyer, graduate, University of Alabama, 1891, and Georgetown University, 1893; major, Alabama National Guard, 1901–3; member, State house of representatives, 1904–5; trustee, University of Alabama, 1917–19 and 1931–46; elected United States Senator, 1930, 1936, and 1942; died June 12, 1946.

CHARLES OSCAR ANDREWS, a Senator from the State of Florida; born, March 7, 1877; soldier; lawyer; judge; attended South Florida Military Institute; graduate, State normal school, 1901, and University of Florida, 1907; captain, National Guard, Spanish-American War; secretary, State senate, 1905–7 and 1909–11; judge of the criminal court of record, Walton County, 1910–11; assistant attorney general, 1912–19; circuit judge, seventeenth judicial circuit, 1919–25; member, State house of representatives, 1927; city attorney, Orlando, 1926–29; State supreme court commissioner, 1929–32; elected United States Senator, 1936 and 1940; died September 18, 1946.

JOSIAH WILLIAM BAILEY, a Senator from the State of North Carolina; born, September 14, 1873; editor; lawyer, attended Raleigh Academy; graduate, Wake Forest College, 1893; editor, Biblical Recorder, 1893–1907; member, State board of agriculture, 1896–1900; Presidential elector, 1908; collector of internal revenue, 1913–21; member, constitutional commission, 1915; trustee, University of North Carolina, 1930; elected United States Senator, 1930, 1936, and 1942; died December 15, 1946.

THEODORE GILMORE BILBO, a Senator from the State of Mississippi; born, October 13, 1877; attended Peabody College at Nashville, Tenn.; Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.; and the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor; lawyer and farmer; member of the State senate, 1908–12; served as Lieutenant Governor of Mississippi, 1912–16, and as Governor, 1916–20 and 1928–32; elected United States Senator, 1934, 1940, and 1946; died August 21, 1947.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Brooks].

Mr. BROOKS. Mr. President, memorial services are traditional in America. There are many ways of conducting them. But this service is indeed unique.

We are honored to participate as representatives of the 48 States of the Union as we meet by our own resolve to pay tribute to the lives, the works, and the memory of our former associates and colleagues who have answered the roll call of eternity.

While we do this by our own motion, in a truer sense we do so under the influence of feelings in which the whole family of Americans unites with us.

While we pay our humble tribute to the revered memory of these former Members, colleagues, and associates, as individuals we pay special tribute to their endeavors and their contributions to the preservation of our Republic and the advancement of human rights under our form of government.

Progress is not automatic; the world grows better because people wish that it should and because they take the right steps to make it better.

In this forum—this truly deliberative body—these men came representing their various States and constituencies to participate and play their full part in hammering out on the anvil of consultation and public debate the legislative enactments that would help steer our ship of state ever onward and forward to fulfill its destiny among the governments of the earth.

In this all-important and arduous task they gave their all and at the end of their life's endeavor, standing at the top

of the ladder, they handed on to us our great responsibility and stepped across the great divide.

By those who knew each of them intimately and well, no doubt an individual tribute could be paid that would live as a bit of romantic literature, but I was a junior in this honored body when most of them had passed on life's highway, that stone which marked the highest point. They had climbed the heights and left petty superstitions far below, while on their foreheads fell the golden dawning of a grander day.

Coinciding with the glorious history of our beloved country is the history of the Senate of the United States. Each page of that history records the endeavor, accomplishments, and occasionally the death of an illustrious man. Each era has been both important and strenuous, but in my humble judgment no period in all our history has been more exacting and demanding of human energy than the short span of years in which these honored representatives of their respective States actually laid their lives on the altar of service to their State and Nation.

These men with their varying viewpoints, with their peculiar backgrounds of education, interests, and training, representing their particular political philosophies, made their magnificent individual contributions to the inspiration, courage, and strength of present-day America.

These honored men carried into this forum their talents of determination representing the varying views that not only occasioned the birth of our beloved country, but guarantees its future existence not only as a free country for Americans, but the hope of the freedom-loving people of the entire world.

Throughout their lifetime, countless individuals were the beneficiaries of their works, and America is likewise the real beneficiary of their good deeds. On such an occasion, I labor only for words to do justice to your feelings and mine.

Words of any one individual are inadequate to fully express on an occasion of this kind the thoughts and emotions

many may feel. Each of us in varying degrees learned to know and respect the individuals whose memory we honor today. With this fully in mind may it not be said that we, the Members of the Senate of the United States who are assembled here today, cherish and honor the memory of our colleagues who have gone to meet their Maker.

They left us singly and in the sad succession appointed by the order of nature; but having lived, acted, and counseled with us, we honor them together today.

During their long careers of duty, forgetting the little that had divided them, and cherishing the great communion of service, they walked in honorable friendship the declining pathway of age.

No martial music, no blare of trumpets, no great parade, summoned these men either to their outstanding service or to their graves, but they were fighters just the same for the cause they represented. Each, in his own way, was a champion of the cause he believed best for his country.

We respect them for their undaunted courage, the energy and devotion with which they marched along the long rugged road of duty.

We miss them, but we know that while they no longer answer the roll call in this historic Chamber, they answer that longer roll call that contains the names of heroic men who served and died that America might be and continue to be a Government of free men devoted to liberty, to justice, and to God.

Solo, Beautiful Isle of Somewhere—Ferris—by Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by William Watkins.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the songbirds dwell.
Hush then thy sad repining,
God lives and all is well.
Somewhere the day is longer,
Somewhere the task is done.
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate.
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.
(Chorus)
Somewhere, somewhere, beautiful isle of somewhere.
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful isle of somewhere!

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the Senator from North Carolina [Mr. Hoey].

Mr. HOEY. Mr. President, life is real and likewise mystical. The high estate of man's creation makes him a little lower than the angels and gives him dominion over all other created and elemental things. He is the inheritor of all the past ages. From the dusty pages of antiquity the progress of man has been illuminating the processes of life over the long centuries. Into the real life of today has been projected the mystical life of tomorrow. Immortality begins on earth. The struggle of man has been to build an enduring civilization here and to adorn it with the revealed and discovered truths of God. The search of man has been for truth, and in his quest for its attainment he has mastered much of the universe and made it subservient to his imperial will.

The majestic passages in the first chapter of Genesis describing the origin of man stamp him with the image of his Creator and crown him with honor and glory, and then the stately steppings of that graphic portrayal of his possibilities accord to him unquestioned dominion over the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fish of the sea, including all things passing through the paths of the sea. Man has marvelously attained this dominion and fulfilled this prophecy. He has gone deeper down into the sea than any fish has dared to go. He has soared higher into the air than the eagle, the king of birds, has been able to ascend—and he has gone into the stratosphere to join the celestial bodies as they float out through illimitable space.

Man speaks and his voice can be heard around the world, whereas the explosions of nature can be heard for only a few hundred miles, at best. The hurricane roars across the surface of the earth at 150 miles an hour, but man speeds along at 400 miles an hour and travels through space in a ship of his own creation at 800 to 1,000 miles an hour. Man measures the distance of the sun, moon, and stars, and counts and measures the circumference of the constellations in the sky. When Halley's comet skirts across our horizon at a terrific rate of speed, man calculates within a few seconds the time when that swift traveler will return after it has rambled through unexplored space along its charted course for 75 years.

Man has only recently split the atom and released the force and power of the universe. But the atom is not dangerous. Only man is dangerous.

But there is appointed a time for man to die. There is something majestic about death. Its very universality makes it a dreaded visitor in the homes of kings and subjects, presidents and citizens, rich and poor, white and colored, around the whole world. It levels all rank and makes a common denominator of all men. Sickness and death are not the tragedies of life; they are only the sadnesses. The age-old question propounded in the Book of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again," is affirmatively answered by the faith of man in immortality, and all nature shares that faith as it experiences a beautiful resurrection each springtime from the death of winter.

Edmund Burke said that civilization was a covenant between the dead, the living, and the unborn. What do we mean by civilization? It encompasses everything. The fields and farms, the factories and shops, the business houses and homes, the skyscrapers and humble cottages, the railroads, automobiles, and airplanes, the telephones, telegraph and radios, the churches, synagogues, and cathedrals, the schools, colleges, and universities, the games, sports, and recreational

centers, the graveyards, cemeteries, and mausoleums—all of these and more constitute American civilization.

Deep in the consciousness of our civilization is the stalwart figure of the early settler and pioneer who came to our shores seeking liberty and freedom, and who dared to visualize a land where a man could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and where none could molest or make him afraid. It also embraces the daring conception of a government where all power is lodged in the aggregate assembly of free men and women and where government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. Our honored dead have given us this civilization, and our loved colleagues belonged to that immortal company of men and women who through the years labored intelligently and painstakingly to perfect this structure of a democracy that might endure and vouchsafe to us who live today, and to the unborn of tomorrow, the blessings of liberty and freedom and the benign influences of justice and righteousness in government and among men.

Civilization also encompasses the indescribably sacred picture of a mother bending over the bed of her offspring at eventide to hear it lisp the name of God in the simple prayer of childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

The supreme sacrifice by which men die for their country and fellow men becomes a part of our civilization. In all wars, and particularly in the recent one, heroic souls have joined the immortals of earth in selfless death that liberty might endure and that peace might be possible. Only one illustration shall suffice. When one of our oil tankers was torpedoed in the Pacific and the commanding officer and his crew escaped the flaming boat, it appeared that the lifeboats were overloaded, whereupon the gallant lieutenant said, "We must leave the lifeboats for the injured," and immediately dived overboard into the surging sea, followed by 15 of his heroic men. Only 3 of them were ever seen again. They were swallowed up by the angry waves, and they had only the

ocean for a sepulchre; but they left a trail of glory that time cannot efface.

At the same time a pharmacist mate administered tannic acid to the deep burns of the injured men to prevent their flesh from flecking off, and then visited another boat for the same purpose, and while swimming to a third boat became exhausted and went down, never to come up again; but there was the dew of immortality upon his brow and the radiance of heaven illuminating his watery grave.

Our illustrious colleagues in whose honor we assemble today belong in the category of those who served during those days of stress and crises, and they are among the casualties of war. They died gloriously in the service of their country. Eight of our comrades have passed away since the close of the war. They participated in the debates on the momentous issues determined in this greatest world forum of thought and action. They had a share in all of the history-making legislation enacted preceding and during the war years. They gave unstintingly of their time and efforts in behalf of our victory at arms and in furtherance of the cause of peace. We pause today to pay homage to their memories. Their colleagues who survive and still serve here will pay just tribute by the written word to them individually and thus preserve for posterity a record of their illustrious service and achievements. The youngest died in his sixty-fifth year and the oldest had passed his eighty-eighth milepost. Reasonably long life was vouchsafed to each of them ere the "silver cord was loosed or the golden bowl broken." In saluting their memory, I feel that they were able to join Byron in telling Death, that omnipotent tyrant, to his everlasting face that he possessed no sting, and in challenging the grave, his sleepless handmaiden to dare proclaim a victory. May God rest their souls.

The high obligation of this hour remains with us who still live and serve here to preserve the heritage of our civilition for the benefit of those now living and for the unborn

to follow after us. The days may be dark and the future clouded with many unhappy prospects; but if we are worthy of those who have gone before, we shall not falter in meeting the responsibilities of the times and underwriting the guaranties of liberty, freedom, and peace for the tomorrows.

These days call for high thinking, noble action, and unselfish dedication to the ideals of the Republic and to the spiritual verities which shall always be a source of strength and power in every crisis. It is well to remember that there has never been a night dark enough to put out the stars and that amid all the confusion, strife, and chaos extant in the earth, still this is my Father's world. Speaking of this atomic age, Walter Lippmann recently said, "Now the whole structure of our intellectual life must undergo a cleansing and reformation." Winston Churchill said about the same time, "Man must have a new heart." The great prophet Isaiah offered the solution more than 2,500 years ago when he wrote:

> They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

Everything is not gloom and pessimism. War is not inevitable, peace is not impossible. There is more of human sympathy than the world has known before, and divine compassion is as inexhaustible as the measure of God's love. America has opened wide her heart and delved deep into her treasure to relieve the suffering and want of the hungry and starving of the world—both friend and foe.

We have in a practical way voiced our concern for the devastated nations of earth, and we have known no race or clime. Our American ideals have found expression in the fullness of our generosity and the breadth of our sympathy at home and abroad. All faiths and creeds give expression in song and story to our conception of the universality of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

It was a Catholic who wrote, Lead Kindly Light; it was a Baptist who wrote, "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me"; it was a Presbyterian who wrote "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee"; it was Martin Luther, the founder of the Lutheran Church, who wrote, "A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing"; it was a Methodist who wrote, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly, while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high"; it was an Episcopalian, a follower of the Church of England, who wrote, "All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all"; it was a Jew who wrote:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Thus speaking the universal language of mankind, voicing the hopes and the aspirations of the human heart.

"Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King."

Taps by Sgt. Chris G. Stergiou, United States Marine Corps.

Dr. Braskamp pronounced the following benediction:

"The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift upon you His countenance and give you peace. Amen."

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the terms of Senate Resolution 212, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased Senators, the Senate stands adjourned until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

Thereupon (at 3 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, April 22, 1948, at 12 o'clock meridian.

Tribute

Tribute

Remarks by Senator Stennis

Of Mississippi

Mr. STENNIS. Mr. President, I hold in my hand a tribute I have prepared to the memory of the late Senator THEODORE G. BILBO, of Mississippi, and I ask unanimous consent that it be printed in the Appendix of the Record, and that it then take its place in the bound copy of the memorial services.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Is there objection?

The Chair hears none, and the order is made.

The eulogy is as follows:

Mr. President, THEODORE G. BILBO, late a Member of this body, was honored with high public office by the people of Mississippi more than any other man in the history of our great State. Born of humble parents, he never lost the common touch, and never lost a keen sense of understanding of the problems of the average man. Because he fought with unyielding courage to better the lot of the common man, and because he reflected the attitudes and opinions of the average citizen on the major problems of the day, his fellow citizens elected him State senator, lieutenant governor, twice governor, and three times United States Senator.

THEODORE GILMORE BILBO was born October 13, 1877, at Juniper Grove, 5 miles south of Poplarville, in Pearl River County, Miss. The humble circumstances of his birth merely fired his determination and ambition to achieve an education that would fit him for a career of public service. Not until he reached the age of 15 was he able to enter public school

at Poplarville, where he was enrolled in the third grade, but in 4 years he completed the grammar and high school course.

Young BILBO then enrolled in the University of Nashville, Peabody College, paying his expenses by serving as a newsbutch on a train, and running a laundry agency in the college dormitory.

Leaving Peabody in 1900, he taught for 5 years in the public schools of southwest Mississippi, accumulating savings to enter the study of law. After studying for 3 years at Vanderbilt University and the University of Michigan, he was admitted to the Mississippi bar in 1908.

His promising political career was already under way at this time. He was elected to the State senate in 1907, representing Pearl River, Lamar, and Hancock Counties. Senator BILBO's career in the upper house of the Mississippi Legislature gained favorable attention throughout the State. In 1911 he was elected Lieutenant Governor in his first Statewide campaign.

In 1915 the progressive forces of the State rallied to the banner of the young Lieutenant Governor, and he was swept into the governorship on a platform of service to the common people.

The record of the first administration of Governor BILBO is one of accomplishments that rank among the important achievements in the recent history of Mississippi. Measures for the improvement of the health and welfare of the people gained first attention. A tubercular sanatorium was established at Magee, and this institution today ranks as one of the finest of its kind in the United States. A charity hospital, home for the feeble-minded, and a campaign against adult illiteracy were part of the welfare program.

The State's financial structure was reorganized, a State tax commission established, and the State highway commission created to systematize road building.

The people were given a broader voice in government through the establishment of an initiative and referendum

system, a reapportionment of representation in the legislature, and restrictions upon the activities of lobbyist. An education commission reorganized and codified education laws, and a distribution system for school funds designed to benefit the poorer counties was adopted.

The Governor's record during this period gained for him a name among the people as "Bilbo the builder." He was very proud of this name and the record that it implied, and delighted to hear himself so referred to in later years.

Governor Bilbo was Mississippi's chief executive throughout the period of World War I. His enthusiastic and complete cooperation with the national defense effort attracted the favorable attention of President Woodrow Wilson, and set a pattern followed by all Southern States in World War II.

Returning to the practice of law at Poplarville after the completion of his term as Governor (constitutional provisions prevented a second term in succession), Bilbo still remained active in the Mississippi political arena.

As Governor, he had taken the lead in fighting the cattle tick in Mississippi by promoting a dipping-vat program to rid livestock of this pestilence. Uninformed people feared this new innovation of dipping, and it became the chief political issue in the south Mississippi area in which Governor Bilbo lived. The people were greatly aroused, and passion took the place of reason in many quarters. But even though he knew that his position was unpopular, Bilbo entered the race for Congress with a firm stand in favor of a dipping program as one of the chief planks of his platform. He went down to defeat on that issue, but he had helped sow the seeds of calm thinking about the cattle-tick issue. Eventually, a tick-eradication program prevailed, and Governor Bilbo deserves a large share of the credit for the development of the great livestock industry which we have in Mississippi today.

In 1923 the former Governor sought to return to that high office, but was defeated after a hard campaign of the type that gained Bilbo the sobriquet, "Stormy petrel of Mississippi

politics." The scene had changed in 1927, however, and he was nominated for the governorship by one of the largest majorities ever attained by a candidate for that office.

The bitterness of the two preceding gubernatorial campaigns marred the success of Governor BILBO's second term as Governor. A strong opposition faction gained enough strength to block enactment of most of his legislative program, but many of his recommendations have been adopted in modified form by succeeding legislatures. Chief among these was a gigantic State highway building program. The road program which was eventually adopted has made Mississippi's arterial highway system one of the best in the Nation.

Always a loyal supporter of the Democratic Party, Governor BILBO had taken the lead in active campaigning for the party's nominee even in dark days of the 1928 election year. He enthusiastically supported Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932, and welcomed the chance for a post with the new Department of Agriculture farm program in 1933. A still broader horizon opened for him in 1934, when he asked for the nomination to the United States Senate.

The first years of the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt were a time of great inspiration and hope to the people of Mississippi. For the first time the Federal Government was turning its attention to the economic problems of the Southland, offering a chance to improve the lot of the average citizens to whom Governor BILBO had been a faithful friend. Pledging himself to support the efforts of the Roosevelt administration to bring the Nation out of the depression, to aid the farmer and the laboring man, BILBO was elected to the United States Senate.

In the Senate he worked for those measures designed to benefit the great mass of citizens of the United States, and not a privileged few. He made a great record as one of the supporters of much of the legislation to provide economic

and social benefits to the Nation that today stands as a landmark of the progress of our country.

Senator BILBO was author and one of the chief sponsors of a measure that today is recognized as one of the major achievements in the long fight to promote adequate agricultural research. Under this bill four great agricultural research laboratories were established at Philadelphia, Pa.; Peoria, Ill.; San Francisco, Calif.; and New Orleans, La. In the short time of their existence these laboratories have provided the knowledge that has meant millions of dollars in additional income to the farmers of America, and they are continuing to contribute to the sound development of our national economy. Senator BILBO was particularly proud of the fact that scientists working at the Peoria laboratory perfected improved methods for the wholesale manufacture of penicillin, thus making this drug available for general medical use.

The problem of peaceful relations between the races received more and more of the Senator's attention as tensions mounted with the peace of World War II. He determined upon one possible solution as the establishment of a Negro colony in the home continent of Africa. This idea was not one that Senator BILBO claimed to have originated—Jefferson, Monroe, and Lincoln were among those who gave serious consideration to this possibility during the days of actual slavery.

When measures were brought before the Congress affecting the established customs and traditions of Mississippi and other Southern States, Senator BILBO fought back with all the vigor of the rough-and-tumble political fights that had enlivened his public career in Mississippi. He asked no quarter and gave none.

Senator BILBO was fiercely loyal to his friends throughout his long career, in both private and public life. He had a natural liking for people and was happiest when with a group of friends or speaking to audiences of his supporters.

He learned to love people as he found them. Once during a hectic campaign an associate expressed displeasure at a group of constituents, but the Senator came to their defense: "You must learn to like people as you find them; life is too short to make people over to suit your taste."

Never forgetting the periods during his own life when he had to battle material hardships, Senator BILBO was never known to refuse a request for aid to the needy. The poor and the downtrodden of Mississippi, regardless of race or creed, knew of this warm, human characteristic, and provided him with many opportunities to be of service.

A close friend of the Senator has made this estimation of his career:

Thus, with resolute determination, THEODORE GILMORE BILBO, from 1908 to August 1947, with vision and clear thinking of almost prophetic foresight, has fought the battles for the progress, welfare, and happiness of the average man of this State and Nation.

His determination was effectuated by prompt attention to every request. He answered friend or foe with some kind of response. He believed in the political principle that "while the light holds out to burn, the vilest sinner might return." He did not give, and he did not ask any quarter, in political fights. He enjoyed publicity and often said to newspaper reporters that he cared not what they wrote about him, but he did not want to be ignored.

His labor of love was the building of Juniper Grove Baptist Church and parsonage and his own last residence nearby, the Dream House. He was always dreaming and building not so much for his own enjoyment but that others might have greater opportunities in his home community, in his State, and throughout the Nation.

On our last trip together from Washington, in January 1947, when his seating was wrongfully delayed, at his suggestion we drove by a cemetery at Cleveland, Tenn. He pointed out a stately and beautiful marble mausoleum. It is the pattern for the one that is to contain his ashes until that great getting-up morning, when the trumpets shall sound. Even in the face of death he dreamed and built for the future.

He enjoyed perhaps more close, faithful, and loyal friends from every walk and station in life than any other in our time. On the other extreme, he had as many bitter personal and political enemies as any public official of Mississippi in the last 75 years. This resulted very greatly from the fact that he always took a positive

stand on every public issue that was presented. He was no fence straddler and he was never afraid to speak his convictions on any subject.

In the many political campaigns in which "The Man" BILBO participated he spoke for more than an hour from four to eight times a day, and to as many different audiences. He was proud of his strength and endurance and never failed to meet and fill every speaking engagement, whether the crowd was large or small.

Senator BILBO'S turbulent career in the Senate in many ways followed the same pattern of his political career in Mississippi. He did not thrive on placidity, and it is probable that he would not have cared for any career other than a stormy one.

The people of Mississippi twice reelected him to the Senate. Despite the formidable opposition of a distinguished former Governor of the State, he was renominated by a large majority in 1940. In 1946 four outstanding Mississippians opposed him in a hard-fought primary, but he gained a majority over the entire group in the first primary balloting.

Following this nomination, Senator BILBO was reelected without opposition in the general election of November 1946. When his proper credentials as the duly elected Senator from Mississippi were presented to the President of the Senate, opposition developed to his being sworn in. This opposition had sprung from the same partisan, sectional politics that has contributed to certain ill-advised attempts to legislate customs and traditions in recent years in the Halls of Congress.

Senator BILBO fought back at this effort to thwart the will of the people of Mississippi who had elected him, but his health was such that it would not have withstood the strain of the contest before the Senate. Accordingly, a compromise was reached whereby he was allowed to return to his home in Mississippi in an effort to regain his health, while his credentials remained on the table, subject to further call when the contest was brought to a climax.

Unfortunately, the illness which weakened Senator BILBO was the dread malady of cancer. Despite his heroic attempts

to fight back, making use of all the medical resources known to man, death came to him on August 21, 1947. Thousands of people from over the State and Nation joined in expressions of sympathy. Many thousands of his faithful friends were present to pay a final homage when he was laid to rest in Juniper Grove Cemetery near his beautiful dream house and his well-loved Juniper Grove Baptist Church.

A Mississippi statesman bespoke a befitting final eulogy at the memorial services in his honor conducted by a joint session of the Mississippi Legislature:

In death all men must cast aside the burden of their honors and their griefs. Man takes with him only that which he has freely given away. Measured by this standard, Senator BILBO bears a legacy so rare that even envy is compelled to pay tribute of admiration. Upon his country's altar he placed his wonderful natural talent. With tireless brain he wrought to promote the general good. He faced each task with heroic courage of those who do not count the cost. As time runs on and the historians survey the picture of these troubled days, there will arise in it no figure more courageous than Senator THEODORE G. BILBO.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *November 17, 1947.*

Mr. EASTLAND. Mr. President, it becomes my sad duty to inform the Senate that since the last meeting of the Senate one of our colleagues, who had served with us for 12 years, has passed away.

Mississippi's senior Senator, THEODORE G. BILBO, died August 21, 1947, at the Foundation Hospital in New Orleans, after a lingering illness of several months. Faced with the inevitability of death, the fighting qualities which had made him known throughout the world were perhaps more greatly exemplified in his last days than in any other period of his long career. Though he must have known, undoubtedly did know, that the end was near, the wells of humor for which he was famous continued until the last, and I am informed that upon no occasion did he ever signify any token of surrender, but that he continued to live until the end with a vivid interest in the political affairs of his native State, with which he had been so long associated, as well as in his farm, family, and friends. In fact, he supervised the operation of his farm up until 2 or 3 weeks of the end.

His son, Col. Theodore G. Bilbo, Jr., who has had a brilliant career in the Army, had returned to America in time to be with his father, and I am sure that his presence was a great solace to the Senator when the end came.

I know that all Members of the Senate join me in the expression of sympathy to be extended to the family of the late Senator BILBO, who served in this body with distinction for so many years. He had been a member of the Mississippi State Senate, Lieutenant Governor of the State, and Governor of Mississippi twice, and upon behalf of the family and

the State, I ask that the Senate, when it adjourns today, adjourn out of respect to the memory of the late Senator THEODORE G. BILBO.

Mr. President, I send to the desk a resolution, and ask unanimous consent for its immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The clerk will read the resolution.

The resolution (S. Res. 163) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. THEODORE G. BILBO, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate, at the conclusion of its business today, do adjourn.

The joint session of the two Houses having been concluded, the Senate, at 2 o'clock and 4 minutes, p. m., under the order previously entered, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the late Senator BILBO, of Mississippi, stood in adjournment until Thursday, November 20, 1947, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MONDAY, *January 10, 1949.*

Mr. ELLENDER. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the body of the Record resolutions adopted by the Democratic conference as tributes to the memories of Hon. John H. Overton, late a Senator from the State of Louisiana; and Hon. THEODORE G. BILBO, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

There being no objection, the resolutions were ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

JOHN H. OVERTON

Whereas almighty God in His infinite wisdom has taken from us our colleague, the Honorable JOHN H. OVERTON, late a Senator from the State of Louisiana; and

Whereas throughout his long career in the United States Senate he rendered to our Nation and to his State a most distinguished service; and

Whereas as our trusted friend and close associate, he was ever ready to lend his judgment and his efforts in behalf of the Democratic Party: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, his Democratic colleagues in the United States Senate, express our deep sense of loss at his passing; and

Further, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to the family of the deceased, that they may be assured of our deep respect for the late Senator and of our condolences upon the passing of our friend.

Adopted by the Democratic conference, this 31st day of December 1948.

THEODORE G. BILBO

Whereas almighty God in His infinite wisdom has taken from us our colleague, the Honorable THEODORE G. BILBO, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi; and

Whereas throughout his long career in the United States Senate he rendered to our Nation and to his State a most distinguished service; and

Whereas as our trusted friend and close associate, he was ever ready to lend his judgment and his efforts in behalf of the Democratic Party: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, his Democratic colleagues in the United States Senate, express our deep sense of loss at his passing; and

Further, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to the family of the deceased, that they may be assured of our deep respect for the late Senator and of our condolences upon the passing of our friend.

Adopted by the Democratic conference this 31st day of December 1948.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *November 17, 1947.*

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, I send to the Clerk's desk a resolution (H. Res. 354) and ask that it be read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. THEODORE G. BILBO, a Senator-elect of the United States from the State of Mississippi who passed away at Foundation Hospital in New Orleans, La., on August 21, 1947.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator-elect.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, the tragic death of Senator THEODORE G. BILBO, of Mississippi, marked the passing of one of the most courageous men I have ever known in public life. He and I did not always agree; but any man who ever crossed swords with him realized that he was a man of unusual ability and of indomitable courage.

Senator BILBO was born October 13, 1877, on a farm in Pearl River County, Miss. He was elected to the State senate in 1907. In 1911 he was elected lieutenant governor, in which position he served for 4 years.

In 1915 he was elected Governor, and again in 1927, serving 4 years each time. In 1934, in 1940, and in 1946 he was elected to the United States Senate by overwhelming majorities.

No man who has ever served in that great body suffered the unjust treatment that was meted out to this humble representative of the toiling masses of Mississippi. Whatever else might be said of THEODORE G. BILBO, he never lost the common touch. His heart went out to the toiling people

of his State, and whenever their interest was at stake they knew exactly where he stood.

Senator BILBO also stood for those traditions which have characterized the people of the South from the earliest settlements and for those policies of segregation by which alone the two races can live together in peace and harmony in that great section of the country. For that he was abused and accused of race prejudice. As a matter of fact, the colored people in Mississippi and other Southern States have enjoyed more peace, more happiness, more prosperity, more protection, and more security than they have ever enjoyed anywhere else in the United States or anywhere else in the world under similar circumstances.

As Governor of the State, Mr. BILBO never failed to see that they were protected.

Dying of cancer, suffering the agonies of the damned, he stood on the floor of the United States Senate and fought to protect you and me and the people we represent from one side of this country to the other against those vicious measures that strike at the very heart of this Republic.

For that reason he was abused and maligned and even denied the right to go on the floor of the Senate and defend himself against the most vicious accusations.

Special trainloads of Communists, many of whom really hate the Government of the United States, poured into Washington, swarmed into the galleries of the United States Senate, and packed the corridors of this Capitol demanding that he be denied, not only his seat in the Senate to which he had been elected, but also the right to defend himself on that floor.

When he took the floor to fight against the so-called FEPC, one of the most vicious pieces of communistic legislation that has ever been proposed in the Congress of the United States, he was advised by his physicians that such exertions might cost him his life, which it did. When he was denied his right to his seat in the Senate and denied the right to defend him-

self against those accusations, he returned to his home at Poplarville and was sent by his physicians to this hospital in New Orleans, where he passed away on August 21.

Not satisfied with that, those enemies within our gates continued the most ghoulish attacks that I have ever known, and some of them are continuing them today.

Nothing that I can say will add to the stature of this courageous man.

Nothing that I can say will have any effect on his place in the history of this Republic. But when the impartial historian comes to write the history of the Eightieth Congress, one of the most shameful chapters will be the mistreatment of this man who gave his life for the protection of the people of the South, for Americanism, for American principles, and to the end that our Government might endure.

Mr. Speaker, this closes a historical chapter.

But I want to say in closing that the battles that Senator BILBO fought, and for which he was so severely punished, were the battles of the people of Mississippi, the people he loved and served throughout a long and stormy career.

As Bishop Calloway said of L. Q. C. Lamar:

When Life's fitful fever was over and he was called across the silent river
He asked no greater boon, he craved no grander privilege,
He desired no loftier honor than to be permitted to sleep in the generous bosom of Mississippi's sacred soil.

I now yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Whittington].

Mr. WHITTINGTON. Mr. Speaker, I express the sentiment of the people of Mississippi when I say that the death of the late Senator and Senator-elect, THEODORE G. BILBO, and especially the circumstances of his passing, brought deep and wide regret. THEODORE G. BILBO came from a good family. His father and his mother were among the pioneers of Mississippi. He was well educated. After attending preparatory schools in Mississippi he went to Peabody College and

Vanderbilt University, among the leading institutions of the South. He subsequently attended the University of Michigan. He possessed an unusual personality. He was personally and politically courageous. In intense political campaigns, while others were excited, he was always calm. He possessed what I call a good nerve. He was able to relax.

He was a lawyer by profession and a farmer by practice. He operated the farm on which he lived, of which he was proud, and which he greatly improved. Most of his life was spent in holding public office. He was State senator, lieutenant governor, twice governor of Mississippi, twice United States Senator, and was elected for a third term as Senator.

He and I did not agree on some public questions, nor did we in many cases agree as to political methods.

His career was unique. He was honored with high office as were but few Mississippians. Notwithstanding any faults or imperfections, he had a larger personal following than any other man in public life in Mississippi at the time of his death. There are two factions or groups in Mississippi, and while we have but one party, the primary elections are as bitterly contested as are general elections in other States. His friends were loyal and his political enemies were active and bitter in their opposition.

Senator BILBO possessed remarkable political intuition. He had the faculty of anticipating progressive issues and he capitalized upon this faculty by posing as the champion of the progressive and liberal policies which he had anticipated or adopted.

He advocated measures in the interest of the average man. With him, the welfare of the common people was paramount.

As a Member of the Senate, because of his racial and other views, he had antagonized many people in other States. Attempts were made by nonresidents of Mississippi to defeat Senator BILBO in the election, and these attempts were especially pronounced in the attempts to prevent his being seated after his election.

I believe in the rights of the States to select their own Senators and Representatives without outside interference or dictation. I have always advocated that the Senator or Representative who presents the credentials of his State or district is entitled to be seated. I am aware that both branches have the right to expel after a Member is seated.

Two wrongs never make one right. The people of Mississippi know that, in the last election of Senator BILBO, there was no intimidation, fraud, or corruption. There were denunciations and there were appeals, but no qualified citizen was denied the right to vote in the primary in which Senator BILBO was successful. The people of Mississippi resented the attempts to deny Senator BILBO's seat to him because of his political views or because of his alleged improper conduct and the alleged improper conduct of some of his supporters in a previous senatorial campaign in which he was not a candidate. He succeeded in convincing the people of Mississippi that he was the vicarious sufferer in behalf of their constitutional rights to representation in the Senate. If he had been denied admission he would have been promptly and overwhelmingly reelected.

The name of THEODORE G. BILBO will be long remembered in the State of Mississippi.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Whitten].

Mr. WHITTEN. Mr. Speaker, I join with my colleagues in their statements of regret in the passing of the late Senator from Mississippi, Hon. THEODORE G. BILBO. Senator BILBO had a long and successful career in public affairs. He served as State senator in Mississippi, lieutenant governor, twice as governor of the State, and two terms as United States Senator, being elected to a third term last November. Senator BILBO at all times enjoyed the friendship and support of many Mississippians, and with the exception of one campaign was elected each time he ran for high office. Always

he had an opposition, which at times bordered on being bitter. Yet this never seemed to be reflected in his demeanor; others might become angry, but never Senator BILBO. During his entire political career his chief support was with the average man, and usually he had a big percentage of the working people of Mississippi. Contrary to the reputation built up in the national press during recent years, Senator BILBO was identified with liberal measures, consolidation of schools, good roads, and, some of you may be surprised, but for 30 years Senator BILBO advocated the repeal of the poll tax as a prerequisite for voting in Mississippi. He felt, however, that the State of Mississippi was the only power that had the right to remove such requirement from its constitution and that the National Congress was without authority to repeal such provision of the Constitution of the State of Mississippi.

Throughout Senator BILBO's service in public office, the people of Mississippi were divided in their support of him as a candidate. However, in one matter they were united and that was in the belief that Senator BILBO was wrongfully withheld from taking his seat as United States Senator. Senator BILBO was nominated in the Democratic primary of 1946. He was elected in November 1946 by the people of the sovereign State of Mississippi as their representative in the Senate of the United States, and, yet, with his credentials in proper order, his seat in that great body was withheld from him, and the State of Mississippi was deprived of one of its Senators. Senator BILBO was denied the opportunity to defend the charges made against him, yet through it all he carried on the fight to the last as he had many others. The failure to seat Senator BILBO and to give him the opportunity to be heard with regard to the charges, in my judgment, may be the beginning of a practice in the Congress of the United States that would be highly dangerous to the future welfare of our great Nation.

Senator BILBO is gone, and while some may differ with his methods, few Mississippians but what believe in the causes he so well espoused in the United States Senate. He will long be remembered by the people of the great State of Mississippi.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Colmer].

Mr. COLMER. Mr. Speaker, since the Congress recessed last, another outstanding Member of the Congress has passed into the Great Beyond in the person of the late and lamented Senator THEODORE G. BILBO, a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

His passing is mourned by many of his fellow citizens and many admiring friends throughout the Nation. Senator BILBO lived at Poplarville, Miss., in my congressional district. He was the second United States Senator from my congressional district to die within the past few years, the other being the late and lamented Senator Pat Harrison.

Senator BILBO has been honored as few men in the Nation have been honored by their constituents. He was elected State senator, Lieutenant Governor, was twice elected Governor of his State, and twice elected as a United States Senator from the State of Mississippi. He had a great hold upon the people of Mississippi, and although his political career was a tempestuous one it cannot be gainsaid that he was a master of the art of politics. He was possessed of many good qualities. His loyalty to his friends knew no bounds.

Whether Mississippians approved of the method of approach to the problems that he stood for is another matter; but the fact remains that Mississippi and the people of that great sovereign State, during the hearings before an investigating committee of the other body with reference to Senator BILBO, resented the method by which he was denied his seat in the United States Senate. They further resented, as a great sovereign people, the interference of outside influ-

ence in the affairs of Mississippi, and they will ever resent, and properly so, any interference with their right to select their own officials and have those officials seated in the Congress of the United States, whether that be in the House of Representatives or in the Senate of the United States. Even his political enemies in Mississippi felt that he was entitled to his seat in that body and resented the action of that body in denying him that seat pending a fair and impartial hearing upon the charges made against him. And even though Senator BILBO is dead, the principle of the southern way of life, of which he was a most vocal and persistent advocate, lives on.

Mr. Speaker, a great, outstanding son of Mississippi has gone to join the spirit of his ancestors, and while it might be said of him as of others who have passed along death's trail, that the day's work is done, it cannot be said that the work itself is accomplished. The tomb is not a blind alley nor a dead-end street. Edith Davis Rowe gave thought to this expression when she wrote:

Some day our ears will cease to hear,
Our limbs will cease to walk,
Our eyes will close to mortal scenes,
Our tongue no more will talk;
Our hands will never work again,
Our heart will stop its beat,
But yet for years our work will stay
To make our lives complete.
The things we made will still be used,
The things we write be read,
The things we've said will, too, live on
In others' minds instead.
And so our lives go on and on,
Through generations more,
The products of the human mind
Are tripled by the score.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Abernethy].

Mr. ABERNETHY. Mr. Speaker, I wish to join with my colleagues in the sentiment expressed with regard to the passing of the late senior Senator from Mississippi, THEODORE G. BILBO.

Senator BILBO lived a great and useful life. His political career was most unusual and marked with great success. In all of the history of our State no other Mississippian was honored as was he.

He was highly educated, intelligent, and physically and mentally strong. He came from a family of average means and throughout his lengthy political career as State senator, Lieutenant Governor, twice Governor and United States Senator for 12 years, he never once swerved from his efforts in behalf of the average man. His service as Governor was marked with legislation and activity for the common people. As one of my colleagues has so correctly stated, Senator BILBO was, contrary to the opinions of many so-called liberal leaders, a real liberal and progressive public official. On the other hand he believed, as do his fellow Mississippians, in the constitutional rights of the States to govern themselves, free of Federal encroachment and intervention.

Although there were thousands of Mississippians who never supported him politically they believed in his right to be seated for a third term in the Senate of the United States. The primary election in which he was nominated for a third term was a free and fair election. There was no fraud. There was no coercion. Mississippians went to the polls and freely cast their ballots for the one of their choice. The result was that Senator BILBO was lawfully reelected to a third term in the Senate. His credentials were properly certified and in order. And, Mississippians as a body were behind him in his fight on the floor of the United States Senate. At the time of his death he had not gained his seat, but indicative of his fighting qualities he never surrendered. Throughout his official career he was never known to surrender from the principles which he believed to be fair and right. His

convictions remained fast until death overtook him. When he last departed from Washington, a very sick man, his words were that he would return to make the political fight of his life. We know not what the result would have been but those of us who had seen him cross swords in many political battles know that he would have surely returned and carried the fight to his enemies.

In the great hill section of Mississippi, which I am honored to represent, Senator BILBO counted his friends by the thousands. He usually fired the opening gun of his political campaigns in one of the counties of my district, Pontotoc County. A vast majority of the people of this county, as well as those in many other sections of Mississippi, supported and admired Senator BILBO. He loved people. He liked to mix and mingle among them. As evidence thereof he once, while Governor, suspended business in the spacious offices of the State capitol and reopened what he termed the "Summer capitol among the people" in Pontotoc County.

He was a man of courage and strong convictions. He was energetic. He was successful as a farmer and public official. It is doubtful that his political success will ever be equaled by another Mississippian. He has crossed the river to a better land. He will be long remembered by the people of my great State who miss him and mourn his passing.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Winstead].

Mr. WINSTEAD. Mr. Speaker, in the passing of Senator THEODORE G. BILBO, Mississippi has lost one of her most noted sons. Few men have ever been honored to public office, in Mississippi or any other State, as was Senator BILBO. He was a man of unusual ability, unique personality, and was truly a man of action.

Senator BILBO served as State senator from 1908 to 1912, served as Lieutenant Governor of Mississippi from 1912 to 1916, and as Governor for two full terms, from 1916 to 1920

and from 1928 to 1932. He was elected three times to the United States Senate.

Senator BILBO was a great friend to the underprivileged people of his State, and a man of unquestionable loyalty and faithfulness to his friends and the people of Mississippi. The record reveals that Senator BILBO was a strong advocate of progressive educational programs, highway programs, and eleemosynary institutions. The people of Mississippi were frequently divided in their support of Senator BILBO throughout his career, as is true of most public officers, yet the people of our great State were united in their belief that Senator BILBO was elected as their Senator, and in their further belief that he should have been given his seat in that great body, so that he might have defended the charges made against him.

Senator BILBO will long be remembered by the people of my State for the worthy causes he supported.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Williams].

Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. Speaker, I join with my colleagues in mourning the passing of Senator BILBO.

Mr. Speaker, the passing of THEODORE GILMORE BILBO removes from the national political arena one of the most controversial figures ever to possess a senatorial toga.

Known as the stormy petrel of Mississippi politics, THEODORE G. BILBO became the most honored man in the history of that great State, and in return he devoted his entire life to the service of his fellow Mississippians.

Launching his career of service as a member of the Mississippi State Senate in 1908, THEODORE G. BILBO later served as Lieutenant Governor, Governor, and in 1928 became the only man in the history of Mississippi to be twice elected to the post of chief executive. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1934, where he continued to serve until January 1947, when he was denied the seat to which he had

been overwhelmingly elected by the people of the State of Mississippi.

Despite the many successes of his stormy career, Senator BILBO never lost his sympathetic regard for the average or common man, nor ever failed to evince his sincere gratitude to the people responsible for his success. He never enjoyed the support of the press of his State, nor of those in his State whose interests conflicted with the general welfare of his State and his people.

No man could better judge the sentiments of his people; no man ever served his people with more vigor and determination than did BILBO. He was a man of indomitable spirit and almost inexhaustible energy, with a deep sense of charity and adamant and fervent faith in the teachings and principles of Christianity.

Probably no man who ever represented a sovereign State of this Nation suffered more personal abuse from a hostile press and radio than did BILBO. And yet, in the face of these unjustifiable insults, he continued to fight—in the way that only BILBO could fight—for the principles in which his conscientious beliefs were rooted.

Whatever may be said about "The Man" BILBO, it must be said to his everlasting credit that he had the courage of his convictions and the will to back them.

The action of the other body in denying to Senator BILBO the seat to which he had been duly and constitutionally elected will be resented deeply by the people of Mississippi for all time to come—even by those Mississippians who have been politically opposed to him throughout the years.

Although he was the victim of this unwarranted abuse, and though surgeons had pronounced upon him a sentence of death by cancer, Senator BILBO never lost his will to live and his faith in his fellow Mississippians.

He did not die—as many would believe—with a broken heart. On the contrary, he passed away comforted in the

knowledge that he was still first in the hearts of his native Mississippians.

Mississippi and the United States have suffered an irreparable loss.

Mr. HALLECK. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the memory of our departed colleagues, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 3 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, November 18, 1947, at 12 o'clock noon.

Date Due

NOV - 2'66	NOV 23 '66		
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